

HALLDEN
PAWCETT

APPROVED
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COMICS
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No. 48

10c

Dennis the Menace



the Cookie Jar

JAY NORTH HELPS SANTA! LEADS SANTA IN PHILADELPHIA PARADE



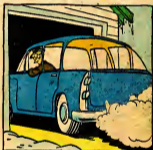
**WATCH DENNIS
SUNDAY NIGHTS
ON YOUR
CBS TELEVISION STATION**

When Santa Claus came to Philadelphia, Pa., last Thanksgiving, Jay North, television's "Dennis the Menace", was in the big parade.

Look at those earmuffs on Jay! Brrr! It must have been a lot colder in Philadelphia than Jay is used to back in Hollywood, California.

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CHRISTMAS TREE TRICKERY





Quiet, Dennis! He means the **TREES** are two dollars a **FOOT!**



I don't get it!

Let's say you're a tree this high. You'd cost me six dollars!



Now I get it!

I'm a tree! Gimme six dollars!



Hmm!

It don't work that way, huh?



Not today, pal.

Boy, this guy has a regular **FOREST** huh?



Uh-huh. And they say money doesn't grow on trees!

DENNIS? DENNIS!





Here's a **GREAT**
BIG one, Dad!

Dennis! Come
down here!



Okay!
Geronimo!

OH,
NO!



OOF!

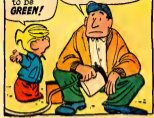


They're **NOT** full of bugs! I'm just **COLORING** them!



Christmas trees are sposed to be **GREEN!**

I'm with you, kid--- but some people gotta be different.



Some want 'em blue--some want 'em red--white---gold--- Everybody wants somethin' **DIFFERENT!**



Right!

They gotta be **DIFFERENT**, huh?









What are you so sore about? What happened?

I wouldn't tell nobody if it killed me!



Well, I got a pretty nice tree this time. It'll look real good when it's trimmed!

Trimmed?



You mean you're gonna trim this tree?

Of course!



It'll keep nice and fresh here!



Oh, Alice! C'mon and take a look at our tree!

Gotta **TRIM** it, huh?



I know! I'll s'prise Dad!



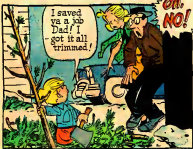
Were you calling me, Henry?

Yes... come and take a look at the nice tree I got!



How much was it?

Well... \$14⁰⁰ They're \$2⁰⁰ a foot this year.



I saved ya a job Dad! I got it all trimmed!

OH, NO!

When I said **TRIM** it I didn't mean trim it like **THAT!** I meant putting the decorations on it!



Gee, why didn't ya SAY so?



He really **DIDN'T** understand, Henry!

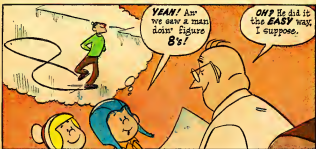
Well, I understand we're out \$14⁰⁰ PLUS the cost of another tree!

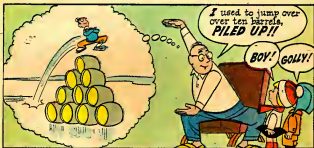
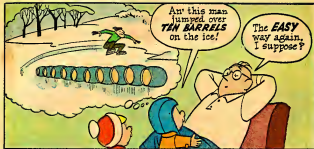


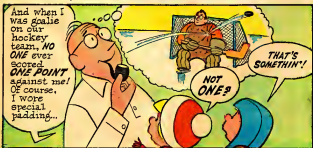
I know Mom! This tree can be for me 'n Ruff!

Good idea... because **YOU'RE** in the doghouse with him!

A GRAMPA STORY









day by day
with
dennis

Monday



"Ya know what I really miss? Mad Puddles!"

Tuesday



"Jay stays in the house a lot when it's snowy. He's afraid of polar bears."

Wednesday



"He's really my bird, but I let Mom take care of him."

Thursday



"Hey, Margalo! Did ya see me take a WINTERcast?"

Friday



"Yes, Dad was doin' **EVERYTHING!** Figger ferns, figger eight's, fiddle's water..."

Saturday



"Gee Whiz! Do I take your pipe tobacco?"

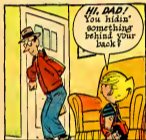
Sunday

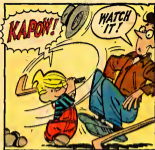


"We don't want anything. We just came in to make ourselves dizzy!"

ROCKY HOCKEY

OR PUCK LUCK!

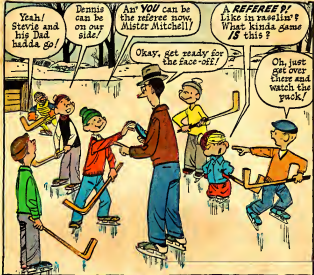
















That was kind of sneaky, Dennis, but I'll have to allow the goal. The goalie should have been watching.



END

THE TREASURE OF TIME

THE LAST TIME Jimmy Powers saw Mr. Kilgrew alive, the old desert miner looked pale in spite of his sun-scorched skin.

"Gee, Mr. Kilgrew," Jimmy told him, "you ought see the doctor. You don't look so good."

The old man snorted: "Never been sick a day in 80 years! Just a touch of the sun, prob'ly."

This didn't make sense to Jimmy, because he knew Mr. Kilgrew had been out in the hot sun of the desert every day for many years, looking for gold. Some people in the little town said he had a lot of it hidden somewhere, too. But when he came to town on his old mule once a month to buy supplies at the store Jimmy's Dad ran, he only brought a few ounces of gold flakes to buy what he needed.

"Tell you what, though, son," Mr. Kilgrew said. "If anything should happen to me out there, you open this. It's about my grandson, Danny." And giving Jimmy a crumpled, sealed envelope, he picked up his gunnysack of supplies and tied it on his mule. He got up on the mule, then fumbled in a pocket of his tattered coat.

"Here," he called to Jimmy. "I want you to have this, too." And he pulled out a big, old-fashioned gold pocket watch and

dangled it by its heavy chain.

"Gosh, your railroad watch?" Jimmy said. "I couldn't take that!"

"Just keep it until you open that envelope," the old man said. "Then send it to Danny. So long, son. Git up, Jenny!"

And Mr. Kilgrew headed down the road on the mule for his shack far out in the desert. Looking after him, Jimmy had a horrible feeling that he'd never see the old man again. Why else would he give him this mysterious letter, and the watch he'd had from the days he was an engineer on the railroad?

Jimmy guessed he was the only friend Mr. Kilgrew had in this little town. He liked to listen to the old man tell stories of the railroads of long ago, when the locomotives burned coal and the cars were built of wood. And the old man liked Jimmy because he said he was about the same age as his grandson, Danny, whom the old man had never seen. Once he told Jimmy that he hoped to find a rich vein of gold so Danny would be sure to go to college. But he never said whether he had ever found it.

A month later, Jimmy watched anxiously for the old man to come to town, jogging along on Jenny, his mule. But days passed and Mr. Kilgrew didn't come. That's when Jimmy told Dad about the sealed envelope, and the watch.

His father frowned. "I didn't think he looked well, either, last month. I'd better run out and see him." And in the cool of the evening, Jimmy's Dad got in the jeep and set out for the miner's shack on the desert. He was gone for a couple of hours, and when he returned his face was somber.

"Better open that envelope, Jimmy," he said quietly.

"You mean — Mr. Kilgrew's — dead?"

His father nodded. "I buried him by his shack — figured he'd want it that way. I left his mule and equipment there until we see if that letter is his will. Open it, son." And Jimmy tore open the crumpled envelope.

On the single sheet of paper inside was scrawled: —

"Gold at 6° 10' NW, 20° 5' E, 15° 8' N. Send to my grandson Danny." And the



boy's full name and address followed.

Jimmy stared at his Dad. "It's directions to find his gold! We've got to go out there and find it, Dad!"

"I'll go alone, Jimmy. You want to remember him as he was. The directions seem clear enough — so many feet and inches, this way and that."

"Please, Dad — let me go with you," Jimmy begged. "I was his only friend. He gave me that letter and I think he wanted me to find the gold, somehow."

"Well — all right," his father agreed. "First thing in the morning."

At dawn, the jeep sped out through the Joshua trees and mesquite, following the road winding among the rocks and sand of the desert until Jimmy and his Dad came to the lonely, weather-beaten shack of the old miner.

Jimmy got a lump in his throat when he saw the mound of sand with the rough cross over it. Jenny, the mule, tied behind the shack, brayed at them as if glad to see someone. Jimmy forced himself to watch his father.

With a measuring tape and compass, he started from the door of the cabin, figuring that was the likeliest place to begin. He measured 6 feet 10 inches in a northwest direction, 20 feet 5 inches east, and 15 feet 8 inches north. He looked at the spot he'd arrived at — just a level area of sand, with nothing to mark it. Then he got a shovel from the jeep and began to dig.

Jimmy got a shovel, too, and helped. They dug until the sun was high in the sky, beating down on them without mercy; until the hole was away over Jimmy's head — and found nothing but desert sand.

Jimmy's Dad wiped his streaming forehead. "This has got to be the spot," he panted. "I've followed all the measurements exactly. The only question is, did I start at the right spot?"

"Yeah," Jimmy said. "I wonder why he didn't write down the place to begin from? He was so exact, right down to inches . . ." He reached in his pocket to get the paper, and touched the big gold watch he had been carrying ever since the old miner had given it to him. Then he remembered something.

"Dad! When Mr. Kilgrew gave me this paper, he gave me his watch for Danny. But he said to keep the watch until I opened the envelope — maybe they go together somehow!"

He stared at the paper, desperately trying to get the old man's message so that the gold could be sent to the grandson he loved

so much, had worked so hard for. Then his eyes widened.

"I think I've got it! Look! He wrote 6'10". That's the way you write feet and inches. But it's also the way you write minutes and seconds! That's why he gave me his watch — it's the time it takes to go in those directions!"

"Time?" his father repeated. "But how do we time it? I probably walk faster than he did — you probably walk slower."

Just then Jenny, the mule, brayed at them from the shack nearby, and Jimmy knew!

"He must have timed it on his mule! You know how mules are — they always jog along at the same speed. They won't hurry for anything. He timed all this on Jenny!"

They hurried to the mule and untied it, and Jimmy hopped on its back and headed off in the direction his Dad led in the jeep. With the big gold watch in his hand, he counted off 6 minutes, 10-second, then turned the mule in the new direction. At last, they wound up at the foot of a Joshua tree, far from the shack, and began digging.

Soon Jimmy's shovel struck something, and they uncovered three small canvas bags — small, but heavy.

Jimmy's Dad whistled. "At \$36 an ounce, there's a small fortune here!"

Jimmy grinned delightedly. "Plenty to send Danny to college. I bet!"

His father nodded. "I hope he spends his time there well."

And Jimmy looked at the big watch in his hand. "I think he will, when he finds out it was time that let us find this!"

STAMPED REVERSED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1923, JULY 1, 1924 AND JUNE 17, 1924. THE UNITED STATES POSTAGE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C. 20261. THIS POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE.

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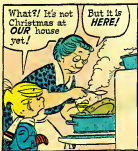
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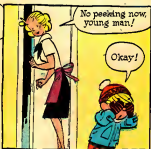
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the Cookie Jar

DENNIS HELPS CRUSADE!



Dennis is whacking open his piggy bank to help the Community Chest of the San Francisco, Calif., area, known as United Bay Area Crusade.

This drawing will be seen through 5 counties in that area, which cover 2500 square miles where 2,500,000 people live. The drawing will be seen in many ways. Here are some of them:

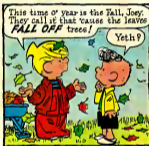
3,000 cards in busses and street cars.
25,000 window posters, 300 highway bill-

boards, 130 displays on the sides of busses, 71,000 educational folders, 2,150,000 folders for mailing and mass distribution, 25,000 lapel buttons.

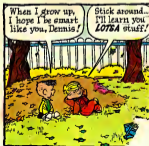
Money raised by the Crusade is used in the San Francisco area to help the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Boys' Clubs, Red Cross, USO, visiting nurses, hospitals, and hundreds of other organizations. And all the Dennis displays are offered to Community Chests all over the country to help in their good work.

Dennis the Menace

"The Fall Guy"



Next it's Winter, when guys **WIN** hockey games! Then it's Spring, an' brand-new leaves **SPRING** outta trees! An' next it's Summer, when they build **SUMMEREENS!**



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107
DCP Scan

